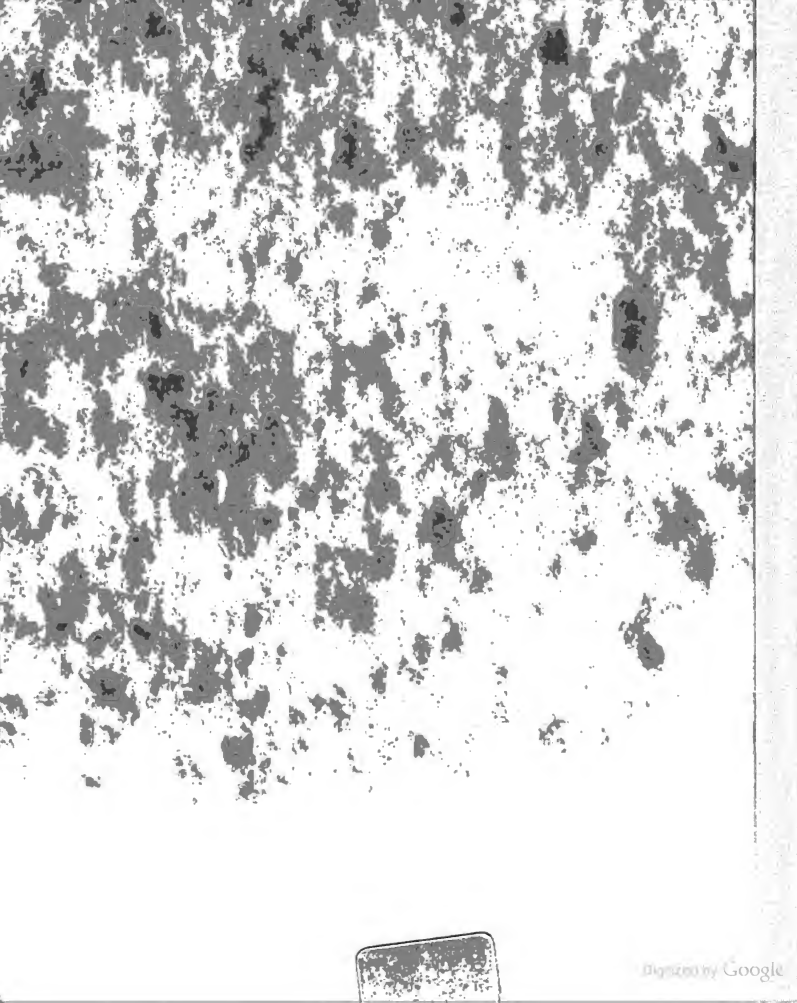


Drifting flowers of the sea and other poems

Sadakichi
Hartmann

Drifting flowers of the sea and other poems

Sadakichi
Hartmann



DRIFTING FLOWERS OF THE SEA

AND OTHER POEMS

-by-

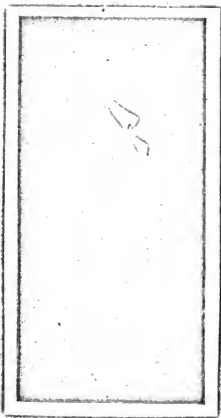
Sadakichi Hartmann

-to-

Elizabeth Blanche Walsh.

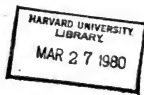
Manuscript Edition -
Limited to 160 copies
of which this is No. 116.

Copyright, 1904, by Sadakichi Hartmann.



INDEX

Title Page.....	1
Index.....	2
Instead of a Preface.....	3
Nocturne.....	4
Receding Tide.....	5
Why I Love Thee?.....	6
Why I No Longer Love Thee?.....	6
Dripping Flowers of the Sea.....	7
Immaculate Conception.....	8
A Triplet.....	8
Parfum Des Fleurs.....	8
Twilight Hours.....	9
Tanka.....	10
Dawn Flowers.....	11
To the "Flat Iron".....	12
As The Lindens Shiver in Autumn Dreams.....	13
Love by The Sea.....	14-15
Sweet Are The Dreams on The Breeze Blown Strand.....	15
The Pirate.....	17-18-19-20
Previous Works of The Author.....	21



Instead Of A Preface.

You remember the good monk who was returning to the convent and, as he rested by the wayside beneath an oak tree, listening to the nightingale's song, fell fast asleep.

When he woke the sun was low. He stood up shivering and asked an old peasant who was passing what time it was.

"Seven o'clock," said the peasant.

"Oh, oh, then I shall not reach the monastery before nightfall."

"What monastery?" asked the surprised peasant.

"The monastery of St. Withold, two leagues from here--"

"So, ho," said the peasant, "you are one of those antiquary people, too. I thought so when I saw your odd clothes. But you are taking a useless journey - there is nothing to see, except some old stones at the gates."

"Sacked!" cried the monk, "demolished since morning -"

"Oh, long ago," said the peasant, "the father of my grandfather saw it standing - it was a hundred years ago. Since then it has been a ruin."

The good monk had slept a hundred years listening to the nightingale's song.

When I laid aside Sadakichi Hartmann's colorful pages and came down into the market place, where the books of the day are cried, I feel as composed and exceptional as the good monk of St. Withold.

And yet -

Nocturne.

Upon the silent sea-swept land
The dreams of night fall soft and gray,
The waves fade on the jeweled sand
Like some lost hope of yesterday.

The dreams of night fall soft and gray
Upon the summer-colored seas,
Like some lost hope of yesterday,
The sea-mew's song is on the breeze.

Upon the summer-colored seas
Sails gleam and glimmer ghostly white,
The sea-mew's song is on the breeze
Lost in the monotone of night.

Sails gleam and glimmer ghostly white,
They come and slowly drift away,
Lost in the monotone of night,
Like visions of a summer-day.

They shift and slowly drift away
Like lovers' lays that wax and wane,
The visions of a summer-day
Whose dreams we ne'er will dream again.

Like lovers' lays wax and wane
The star dawn shifts from sail to sail,
Like dreams we ne'er will dream again;
The sea-mews follow on their trail.

The star dawn shifts from sail to sail,
As they drift to the dim unknown,
The sea-mews follow on their trail
In quest of some dreamland zone.

In quest of some far dreamland zone,
Of some far silent sea-swept land,
They are lost in the dim unknown,
Where waves fade on jeweled sand
And dreams of night fall soft and gray,
Like some lost hope of yesterday.

Why I Love Thee?

Why I love thee?

Ask why the seawind wanders,
Why the shore is aflush with the tide,
Why the moon through heaven meanders
Like seafaring ships that ride
On a sullen, motionless deep;
Why the seabirds are fluttering the strand
Where the waves sing themselves to sleep
And starshine lives in the curves of the sand!

Why I No Longer Love Thee?

Why I no longer love thee?

Ask why summer has fled,
Why autumn is dead with its garnet glow,
Why the sea is gray, and the sky is gray;
Why bitter gales o'er the salt flats blow,
Where the sea-fowl sport in ghouliah play
And the pods of the beach-pea stand withered
On the long-curved rifts of dream-torn sand;
Why the shore is scarred by time's rough hand,
And ships that heel on wintry seas
Are wrecked on the ashen strand!

Drifting Flowers Of The Sea.

Across the dunes, in the waning light,
The rising moon pours her amber rays,
Through the slumbrous air of the dim, brown night
The pungent smell of the seaweed strays-
From vast and trackless spaces
Where wind and water meet,
White flowers, that rise from the sleepless deep,
Come drifting to my feet.
They flutter the shore in a drowsy tune,
Unfurl their bloom to the lightlorn sky,
Allow a caress to the rising moon,
Then fall to slumber, and fade, and die.

White flowers, a-bloom on the vagrant deep,
Like dreams of love, rising out of sleep,
You are the songs, I dreamt but never sung,
Pale hopes my thoughts alone have known,
Vain words ne'er uttered, though on the tongue,
That winds to the sibilant seas have blown.
In you, I see the everlasting drift of years
That will endure all sorrows, smiles and tears;
For when the ball of time will ring the doom
To all the follies of the human race,
You still will rise in fugitive bloom
And garland the shores of ruined space.

Immaculate Conception.

A maiden flower stands lonesome on a vast and
desolate plain, in trembling fear that
her longings for life and love prove vain.

But the passing breeze takes pity, it embraces
some flowering plant and carries its golden
riches to the bride of the desolate land.

Windstirred she tosses her clustering hair to the
dust of golden glow, and flower-starred with
the waxing morn the desolate meadows grow.

A triolet.

'Tis the first day of Spring!
The catkins are a-bloom,
The bluebirds are a-wing,
'Tis the first day of Spring!
Faint scents the breezes bring;
Man's thoughts new shape assume.
'Tis the first day of Spring,
The catkins are a-bloom!

Parfum Des Fleurs.

Oh, frail and fragrant visions,
Sweet nomads of the air,
That rise like the mist on the meadows
And cling to my darksome hair,

Are ye the souls of roses,
Of memory's vagrom lays,
Sent to caress my senses-
Faint murmurs of bygone days?

Twilight Hours

I

The colors of the rainbow are fading in the silent
and distant West, and the heartache of
twilight trembles within my aching breast.

For the light of my love has faded like sunbeams
in the West, and the color of twilight will
tremble forever in my breast.

II

I think of thy kindness often, when lonesome I feel
and cold, I have not forgotten our childhood,
nor your loving words of old.

And still my sweetest songs of life are floating
in dreams to thee, like whisperings at eventide,
across a clouded sea.

III

We two are sitting in the bark, and listen to the
wavelets' play, the shore is melting in the
dark, day's echoes silently decay.

Oh life, with all thy hopes so fair, wilt thou
too float away, like visions rising in the
air that greet the parting day!

IV

She stands amidst the roses, and tears dart from her
eye that like the fragrant roses her soul
must fade and die.

He stares at the twilight ocean on the shore of a
foreign land, a faded rose is trembling
within his soft white hand.

V

The rushes whisper softly, the sounds of silence wake,
large flowers like sad remembrance float
on the dark green lake.

Were life but like the waters, so bright and calm
and deep, and love like floating flowers
that on the surface meet.

VI

The naked trees of autumn grope shivering through
twilight's gloom, athwart the whispering branches
its dying embers loom.

I dream of life's defoliation, as I watch with
silent dread, leaf after leaf departing, like
hopes long withered and dead.

VII

In haunting hours of twilight dreams restless the
turbulent sea, and heaves her white wanton
bosom in endless mystery.

(9) Dream on, dream on, titanic queen, beloved sea, at
thy wanton breast, I would find rest
in endless mystery.

Tanka.

I

Winter? Spring? Who knows!
White buds from the plum trees wing
And mingle with the snows.
No blue skies these flowers bring,
Yet their fragrance augurs spring.

II

Ah, were the white waves
Far on the shimmering sea,
That the moon shine leaves,
Dream flowers drifting to me -
I would cull them, love, for thee.

III

Moon, Somnolent, white,
Mirrored in a waveless sea,
What fickle mood of night
Urged thee from heaven to flee
And live in the dawnlit sea!

IV

Like mist on the leas,
Fall gently, oh rain of spring
On the orange trees
That to Uma's casement cling -
Perchance she'll hear the love-bird sing!

V

Though love has grown cold,
The woods are bright with flowers,
Why not, as of old
Come to the wildwood bowers
And dream of - bygone hours!

VI

Tell, what name beacons
These vain and wandering days!-
Like a bark of dreams
That from souls at daybreak strays
They are lost on trackless ways.

The Tanka (short poem) is the most popular and characteristic of the various forms of poetry in Japan. It consists of five lines of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7 syllables - 31 syllables in all. The addition of the rhyme is original with the author.

Dawn-Flowers.

(To Maurice Maeterlinck.)

Weird phantoms rise in the dawn-wind's blow,
In the land of shadows the dawn-flowers grow;
The night-worn moon yields her weary glow
To the morn-rays that over the dream-waste flow.

Oh, to know what the dawn-wind murmurs
In chapels of pines to the ashen moons;
What the forest-well whispers to dale and dell
With her singular, reticent runes;
To know the plaint of each falling leaf
As it whirls across the autumnal plain;
To know the dreams of the desolate shore
As sails, like ghosts, pass o'er the dawnlit main!
To know, oh, to know
Why all life's strains have the same refrain
As of rain,
Beating sadly against the window pane.

We do not know and we can not know,
And all that is left for us here below
(Since "songs and singers are out of date"
And the muses have met with a similar fate)
Is to flee to the land of shadows and dreams,
Where the dawn-flowers grow
And the dawn-winds blow,
As morn-rays over life's dream-waste flow
To drown the moon in their ambient glow.

Envoy.

Oh, gray dawn-poet of Flanders,
Though in this life we ne'er may meet,
I'll linger where thy dream-maids wander
To strew these dawn-flowers at their feet.

To the "Flat Iron"

On roof and street, on park and pier,
The springtide sun shines soft and white,
Where the "Flat Iron", gaunt, austere,
Lifts its huge tiers in limpid light.

From the city's stir and madd'ning roar
Your monstrous shape scars in massive flight,
And 'mid the breezes the ocean bore
Your windows flame in the sunset light.

Lonely and lithe, o'er the nocturnal city's
Flickering flames, you proudly tower,
Like some ancient, giant monolith,
Girt with the stars and mists that lower.

All else we see fade fast and disappear,
Only your prow-like form looms gaunt, austere,
As in a sea of fog, now veiled, now clear.

Iron structure of the time,
Rich, in showing no pretense,
Fair, in frugality sublime,
Emblem staunch of common sense,
Well may you smile over Gotham's vast domain,
As dawn greets your pillars with roseate flame,
For future ages will proclaim
Your beauty, boldly,
Without shame.

As The Lindens Shiver In Autumn Dreams.

The fields lie wrapt in autumn dreams,
Beneath the dim, blue vault of night,
The moon, like a bark on sluggish streams,
Spreads soft her sail of silver light.

Beneath the blue, dim vault of night,
With the way-worn notes of joy and care,
Across the sea of the moon's pale light
Dark flocks of birds flap the silent air.

With the way-worn notes of joy and care
Fantastic shapes with wings outspread,
Dark flocks of birds flap the silent air,
Like a cloud of ominous dread.

Fantastic shapes with wings outspread,
Droning some harsh and ghoulisn tune,
Like a cloud of ominous dread,
They darken the sail of the white full moon.

They darken the sail of the soft white moon,
Like pageants of some Valpurgis night,
Droning some harsh and ghoulisn tune,
Their rustling wings are shimmering bright.

Their rustling wings are shimmering bright
As in myriad swarms they are passing by,
Like pageants of some Valpurgis night,
Wheeling their flight to some summer sky.

Wheeling their flight whence summer has flown,
Like dreams and hopes now long gone by,
Like songs of love our youth has known,
In myriad swarms they sail the sky.

Like clouds a-sail on glassy streams -
Grey memories of autumn dreams;-
Like visions of love forever flown,
You, aerial voyagers, wing your flight
To some enchanted realm our youth has known,
Beneath the dim, blue vault of night.

Love By The Sea

Far away from the murmuring town,
In the region of sand and sea,
Love has surprised us on the down-
Love has surprised you and me-
In this realm where sea-kissed grasses sway,
Where winds at nightfall sadly moan,
Where sea-gulls sing their plaintive lay.
And waves croon in minor monotone.

No flower grows in this land of dreams,
No human habitation far or near
Illumines the scene with a reddish gleam,
All around is desolate and drear;
Nothing but weeds and greyish sand-
Yet the sea seems to say in an undertone;
Until dawn whitens this wind-blown strand,
The treasures of night are all thy own!

And like waves that softly shoreward creep,
Love draws us nigh as the hours pass,
Thy fluttering hair around me sweep,
Thy breath is like wind in the web of the grass;
I feel thy bosom ebb and tide -
Its paleness resembles the moonlit sea -
And as sea and heaven together glide
Let thy sweetness be lost in me.

Do not be startled at the seabird's cry
Nor at the wind's relentless blast,
Too soon the kiss on our lips will die,
Alas, the joys of Venus never last!
Like flowers that droop on the sunburnt sward
Our love must needs wither and fade,
Like blossoms that are carried seawards
By the wind from some sleepy glade.

The joys of Venus never last,
Love is naught but some dreamland lore,
And as the hours are ebbing fast
Our dream, like seaweed, will be left on the shore;
Already the cup of the autumn moon
Floods with her gold the distant West,
The bitterness of life will dawn too soon,
Forlorn lies the sea-gull's last year's nest.

Perchance, some other autumn eve,
May greet us on this barren wold,
Not arm in arm, alone and fain,
Desirous of the days of old.

Love By The Sea.

The waves have lost their silvery note,
White birds of dreams o'er the dim plain start,
Through the mist is gliding a phantom bark-
What made love open its eyes and part!

Where are the sweet names we whispered low,
Were they carried away by the breeze?
The vain words which from our lips did flow
Are they buried forever in dismal seas?
And the kisses that rained on your face
Was nothing remained of their ardent glow?
The night holds nothing but a cold embrace,
The sun of our love sank low.

Only the note of the seabird rings
Through the dim realm of night and mist,
Not a breath of our past love clings
To this sea of faded anethyst.
Even the wind pauses in space
And refuses to caress our lips;
Alas, our love was of fleeting pace
Like the visions of seafaring ships.

Like the flash of a meteor's flight,-
Know we whither its glow has flown;
It sped across heaven with radiant light
And vanished in worlds unknown -
So the sweet hours have passed away
Like flowers that on the sand-dunes grow,
Like waves that die in a wreath of spray
When bitter winds over the shoreland blow.

Sweet Are The Dreams On The
Breeze-Blown Strand.

(Sestine Enchainée).

When autumn cloudlets fleck the sky
Straying southward like birds o'er the sea,
When the flickering sunlight on the dunes
Is pale, as seagrasses kissed by the spray,
Seagrasses that knew the summer of yesterday-
Sweet are the dreams on the breeze-blown strand!

Sweet are the dreams on the breeze-blown strand!
When cloud skiffs skim athwart the sky
And like a phantom of yesterday
The light house shimmers out to sea
Pale as the sand and the sea-worn spray
And the straggling sunlight on the dunes.

Like straggling sunlight on the dunes,
Like opal surges that wash the strand
With briny fragrance, adoom with the spray,
Like wander-birds that career the sky
To flowerlit isles of some Southern sea-
Such are the dreams of yesterday!

Alas, our dreams of yesterday,
Frail as the fragrance of the dunes,
Vain as dark jewels of the sea
Cast up on some glimmering strand,
They vanish like cloud sails on the sky,
Pale as seagrasses frownsed by the spray.

Pale as seagrasses kissed by the spray,
Is all this life of yesterday,
All our longings for clear blue skies
For the low cool plash on autumn dunes,
All our musings on tide-left strands
While birds wing southward o'er the sea.

Like birds winging southward o'er the sea
Scattered in air-like wasterful spray,
Sea-fancies fading on lonesome strands
Weary of storm drifts of yesterday,
Thus our thoughts on the sea-scooped dunes
When autumn cloudlets fleck the sky..

Oh, autumn-sea under a cloud-flecked sky
As caressed are thy dunes with opal spray
So shimmer in dreams on the breeze-blown strand
Sweet long-lost summers of yesterday.

THE PIRATE.

I

Andante con grazia e molto maestoso.

The morning dawns, and shakes the stars
From the raven locks of the queen of night,
Some ripple down into the sea,
Some drown in the morning light.

The morning dawns, and strange white forms
O'er the silent waters stray,
As if they were searching for falling stars,
Whose gold has dripped astray,
Slipped away
From the rose of morn
To the shoreless waste,
That, dull and grey, with its misty bars,
Yields no reflection to the death of stars.

The morning dawns, and the starting breeze,
Rends the curtain of silence and mist
Whence, tinged with roseate morn,
The pirate's galleon drifts-
Away from the shore,
Where the watchfires gleam
And the sea-gulls scream,
To her daily toil,
In quest of spoil
To waylay some wanderer of the sea.

With plumage strange and wings outspread,
Like some huge bird from earth long fled,
The highwayman of the main
Veers his way
To some blood-red day,
Out of the silent, gray and shoreless night,
As the stars ripple down into the sea
Or drown in the morning light.

II

Allegro con passione

The sea is white with the noonday glare,
Save a dark unrest and reddish flare
That troubles the seashine in the West.

There the fight is on -
With yards entangled and sails aflame,
Enveloped in clouds that darken the sky,
Two dark hulls, lashed fast together,
Motionless on the noonday waters lie.

The fight is on -
Amidst clank of weapons, and powder scent,
The rattle of muskets, wild shuffle of feet,
Like the hissing groans of some soul accursed,
With lightning flares and fanlike bursts,
Pass shot and shell.

The mouths of the cannons grow a grinning stare,
With blood are daubed masts and spars,
And the sparks blown to the lurid air
Fall on the sails like a rain of stars.

The fight is on -
Black death with his wings of flame
Now dominates this scene,
This scene of black and red.
Like a snake of fire in dismal desire
He coils up the rigging, chars every plank
And gnaws his way towards the powder tank,
While lurid streams of red
Gush from the wounded and dead
To the passionless flood,
Stained with fire and blood.

The hours pass, and the crews are thinned,
Both demand quarter - but none will strike,
And still they fight - and fight - and fight-
Till the blackened masts crash on the burning decks,
Strewn with bodies in formless stacks.
The shrieks of the wounded die away,
Silence takes the place of carnage and fray,
And as a change to all things must come-
Even death ceases his fire-song.

Riddled from bow to stern with leaks on the gain
The hulls sink deeper into the passionless main,
Still lashed together as in the hours of fight,
Like wounded beasts in wild despair,
They suddenly leap into the lurid air,
Then roll to the side.
And glide from day's waning light
Down to the dismal night
Of the passionless flood,
Stained with fire and blood.

The sun swings from the hovering murk,
Dark crows, that follow the pirate's wake,
Flap over crushed timbers and shivered beams,
Adrift on the blood-stained flood like dismal dreams.

III

Adagio non lamentoso

Thirty times the cannons roar
Over the black and barren shore
Of the pirate isle,
Under whose rifts of shifting sand
Lies buried the gold, the pirate's hand
Wrest from the sea wanderer of many a land.

On the black banner that never was furled
Lies dead the pride of the pirate's race,
The crew shifts over the quarter deck
Once more to gaze at his stern sea face.

Then the anchor is hoisted!-
Drenched in the twilight's gold
The ship shakes out every sail
And sweeps before the gale
Towards the highway of the deep,
To put its hero forever to sleep.

What mean now thy hords of gold
A-dream in the depth of the wind blown sand?
What remains of thy sea face fantastic and bold
When you have reached that coral strand,
Where the mermaids dwell,
Who love their pirate sweethearts well?

A last farewell to the sun and air,
To the twilight flare
With its pennant unfold
Of crimson and gold!
As strapped to the plank
On the gangway you stand,
To make the bold leap
To the emerald deep.

Harsh as the winds over your life have blown,
Your fate will be in the lands unknown
Of the moonstone twilights of the sea,
And as its currents toss thee from shore to shore
Through coral halls on the moss-grown floor,
Moss-grown since the days of yore,
You still will be,
Fearless and free,
Lord of the sea.

IV

Finale sotto voce e legato.

On emerald waves o'er which the moonbeams flow,
Lost like a song on the winds that blow,
An enchanted castle, a phantom sail-
In silent flight from the rolling orb
Pursuing the wanderers of the night-
Strays with the wayward breeze
To be lost on the murmuring seas,

Like a ghost that rose from some emerald tomb
To haunt the murmuring main
And tell the tale of the pirate's doom,
The end of the seaking's reign.

From reddened wave and blackened shore
The galleon has vanished forever more
In the moonstone twilights of the sea;
And only the music the seaweed brings
Tells of the dauntless deeds of the dead seakings.

Previous Works of The Author.

"Christ" - A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts.

Author's Edition, Boston, 1893.

"Conversations with Walt Whitman"

Author's Edition, New York, 1895.

"A Tragedy in a New York Flat" - A Dramatic Episode.

Author's Edition, New York, 1896.

"Buddha" - A Dramatic Poem in Twelve Scenes.

Author's Edition, New York, 1897.

"Schopenhauer in the Air" - Seven Stories.

Author's Edition, New York, 1899.

"Shakespeare in Art" - A Compilation.

L.C. Page & Co., Boston, 1900.

"A History of American Art" - 2 vol.

L.C. Page & Co., Boston, 1901.

Hutchinson & Co., London, 1903.

"Japanese Art"

L.C. Page & Co., Boston, 1903.

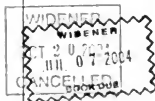
G.P. Putnam Sons, London, 1904.



The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does not exempt the borrower from overdue fines.

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve
library collections at Harvard.

